

COUNTY OFFICERS	
Sheriff.....	James W. Chalker
Clerk.....	John L. Leese
Register.....	John L. Leese
Treasurer.....	John L. Leese
Prosecuting Attorney.....	J. Patterson
Judge of Probate.....	J. C. Coyne
Com. Cor. Ct.....	J. C. Coyne
Surveyor.....	Wm. Blanshard
SUPERVISORS	
South Branch.....	Thos. Wakeley
North Branch.....	E. P. Richardson
Beaver Creek.....	John Hanna
Grayling.....	Benj. F. Sherman
Frederick.....	W. Patterson
Blaine.....	E. Kellough
Center Plain.....	J. R. Bond
.....	A. Emory

PAGEANT OF PEACE.

FIFTY THOUSAND OLD SOLDIERS PASS IN REVIEW.

President McKinley Leads the Veterans in the Grand Army Parade at Buffalo—Martial Column Are Cheered by Half a Million.

Touch Elbows Again.
Nearly 50,000 war-worn veterans, with the President of the United States at their head, made the triumphal march of the Grand Army of the Republic in Buffalo Wednesday. For more than six hours the grizzled but undaunted remnants of the armies of the republic poured through the streets in lines of undulating blue amid the martial crash of bands and the frenzied huzzas of a patriotic populace. Nearly half a million spectators watched the glorious pageant and bombarded the marching legions with the roar of their ceaseless cheering.

For two hours President McKinley stood in the reviewing stand, with Commander-in-Chief "Clarkson" and Gov. Frank S. Black of New York at his side, and acknowledged the greetings of the battle-scarred hosts passing before him. The President was deluged with cheers and songs, shouts and flowers, and through all the riot of noise and adulation bowed and smiled and moved his commands to renewed outbursts of enthusiasm.

Buffalo was in fitting mood and garb for the inspiring spectacle. Its people, re-enforced by 200,000 from outside, choked the walks and lawns from the brick walls to the wire stretched along the line of march at the curbstone. They filled 10,000 windows and roofs, packed a score of big stands, took to the trees in flocks, and squeezed into every nook that afforded a view of the procession. The martial columns moved for miles between two solid, shouting walls of humanity, such a living mass as had never been seen before in the Empire State outside the metropolises.

The city was swathed in red, white and blue. Public and private buildings were smothered in the Stars and Stripes. The trading battalions were hemmed in on both sides with fluttering flags, and floating streamers hung from every window and pinnacle. The decorations were of a lavish class and included many gorgeous designs. Noble arches spanned the

STAND, WHICH WAS AT THE END OF THE TWO-MILE MARCH.

Two hundred young women scattered along the route, attired in gowns of red, white and blue, scattered flowers before his carriage. When the President, standing on the reviewing stand, caught sight of the tattered war flags of the armies of Illinois he put down his hat and clapped his hands, exploding a demonstration which rolled down the line like the booming of cannon.

The whole route was over smooth asphalt, paved in the triumph of the kind, Gen. Alger said, he had never before. The President's reviewing stand was at the intersection of North street and Richmond avenue. Approaching the stand the army moved west in North street. Double rows of trees, whose branches met overhead, made a green canopy above the last half mile of the march. It looked as if the army was coming out of a fairy-book forest. To the west, the situation was the same. The foliage heightened the colors of the fluttering flags as the army wound past the stand.

Railroad officials say that 800,000 is a low estimate of the number of visitors in Buffalo. The police arrangements were admirable. Persons having grand stand tickets found their seats readily, and the 500,000 persons who wanted to see the parade were kept well in hand.

Receptions at the Evening.

Despite the fact that President McKinley was exceedingly weary, he met the local committee at night just after dinner, and accompanied by Gov. Black went to Music Hall to meet the general public. The strain of the day was, however, too much for flesh and blood, and after he had greeted about 3,000 persons individually he was compelled to leave the hall. Fully 20,000 persons blocked the streets in the vicinity of the hall and expressed their disappointment at not being permitted to shake the President's hand. Leaving Music Hall, the President was driven to the Buffalo Club, where he received the Loyal Legion. At 10:45 he went to the Niagara Hotel for the night.

MINE OWNERS AT SEA.

Combine of the Big Coal Operators Is Badly Shattered.

At Pittsburg, Wednesday, the coal operators practically split and went home. They held a session in the forenoon and gave out a statement that they would "continue the struggle along the lines that may appear to be the most productive of the results desired in the interests of

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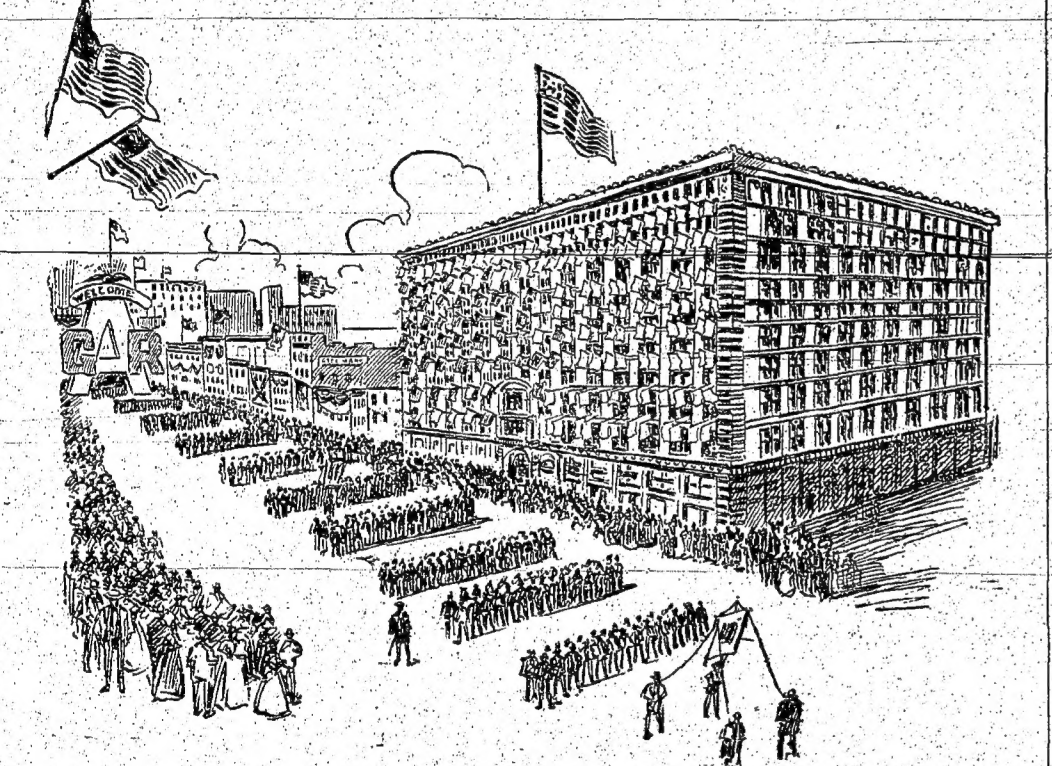
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THOUSANDS OF VETERANS IN LINE.

STREETS TO TESTIFY THE TRIUMPH OF THE ARMY IN BLUE.

A living shield of 2,000 children stirred the hearts of the veterans to responsive cheers by singing "Marching Through Georgia," "Hail Round the Flag" and other songs of happy memory. A band of pretty maidens in tri-colored costumes strewn the pathway of the President with flowers and ferns, and were rewarded with his kindest smiles.

PAEANS OF JOY AT EVERY STEP.

Through such scenes, with the glories of the flag on every hand and paeans of joy at every step, wore this pageant of peace, this relic of war.

THE HEAVENS, TOO, SALLIED BENIGNANTLY.

The day was perfect. A shower during the night freshened the atmosphere. During the parade the sun shone brilliantly, but there was a pleasant breeze, and the weather was not uncomfortably hot. The myriad of proud banners blazed in old folds—rays in their brightest luster, and the faded, tattered battle flags, many of them faded to save their waving remains, were kissed into new radiance and glory.

THE DAY WAS USHERED IN WITH A SUNRISE SALUTE OF FORTY-FIVE GUNS.

At 8 o'clock Main street was choked. An hour later drums were beating and a hundred bands were playing, echoing and jarring each other's accents. Mounted officers were dashing hither and thither, giving their sharp orders. Sabers and burnished shields flashed in the sunlight. There was everywhere what seemed to the civilian's eye confusion and consternation, but not so to the sturdy old soldiers in the blue coats. It was all orderly and beautiful to them. They loved it. It was a taste of the old life.

IT WAS SHORTLY AFTER 10 O'CLOCK WHEN A SQUAD OF MOUNTED POLICE LEFT THE TERNACE, A SQUARE IN THE BUSINESS PART OF THE CITY, AND THE CROWD ANNOUNCED THE BEGINNING OF THE PARADE WITH SHOUTS OF "HERE THEY COME."

It was nearly 11 o'clock when the last weary veterans, nudged by the reviewing stand, two miles from the terrace, to Chippewa, thence to Delaware avenue, and north on that aristocratic thoroughfare, lined with the homes of the old families of the city. The column turned west in North street, passing beautiful residences of the elite generation, and marched through the circle to disband in the parks of the lake shore.

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The Avalanche.

O. PALMER, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR
THURSDAY, SEP. 2, 1897.

Entered in the Post Office, at Grayling, Mich., as second-class matter.

POLITICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS.

A crowd of 250,000 visitors at the Grand Army encampment at Buffalo shows that the country honors the veterans, and also keeps alive the military spirit of our national history.—Globe-Democrat.

What is up now? One of the "yellow newspapers" in New York speaks in the most complimentary terms of Secretary Sherman, and says, "his reply to Japan was courteous, kindly, and dignified." It appears to be "off color."—Inter-Ocean.

The second largest nugget of gold ever found in California is just reported from Trinity county. It is worth \$42,000 and Klondyke is invited to produce its biggest nugget for comparison.—Globe-Democrat.

According to the report of the Director of the Mint, at Philadelphia, the value of the silver dollar in an American silver dollar is 41 cents. In order to make the silver dollar equal to one of gold it would have to contain 850 grains of fine silver without the alloy.

Mr. Bryan contended that "As down goes silver, down will go all farm products." It is only necessary to add that in finance Mr. Bryan is a downy cove, and from present appearances is kind of down in the mouth.

When Bryan predicted that wheat would drop to 25 cents a bushel if McKinley was elected he perhaps did not think it would go above \$1.00 instead. There is a chance too, that it will go far higher than the dollar line.—Globe-Democrat.

Being in a calmer mood, the Japanese have concluded, on the whole, not to prevent the annexation of Hawaii to the United States. Behold how good and how pleasant it is when a great nation becomes aware of the fact that other nations are greater!—San Francisco Bulletin.

Dun's "Review" for last week makes radically encouraging remarks on the prosperous condition of various sections of the country, the heavy purchases, large deals in stocks, and especially in wheat, and finally intimates that the week has been one of progress not surpassed by the great revival upward rush in 1879.

Mr. Bryan's recent announcement that he expects to speak in every county in his own State in the coming campaign, leads to the suspicion that his enthusiasm in regard to Ohio is not so great as it was before that State in its demo-pop convention refused to endorse him for the nomination in 1900.

When you find a merchant who does not advertise in his home paper, and who sends off to other towns to have his job printing done, because, perchance, he can get it a few cents cheaper, you will find a man who will skin his customers to the last cent.—Exchange.

Secretary of Agriculture Wilson, finds his efforts in behalf of the farmers meeting with success in every direction. A late evidence of this is found in the fact that a single firm in London has placed an order for the entire butter product of the Iowa State College, which amounts to 800 pounds daily.

Hoke Smith's paper, the Atlanta Journal, says: "The good times are coming, and they are going to strike the South boys on; but the Dixie bark is full-rigged, trimmed and ballasted to ride to the very crest of the wave of prosperity." This will be considered treason by the Demo-Populists.

"What has brought about the change?" asks a Democratic organ. Well, in the first place, it is confidence in the party in power. (It stands for sound money, for an honest enforcement of the laws, protection to American labor. Good crops and good prices make the work sure.—Inter-Ocean.

The number of Democratic papers which are declaring that "the Democracy was never a free trade party," is ominously large. The Louisiana and Texas Democrats who voted for the Dingley law, and the Democrats from other states who supported certain of its highly protective features, are not so numerous as they would have been for a few years after Cleveland's message of 1887.—Globe-Democrat.

The sooner we get around to that new postal savings bank law the better. The working millions by next year will have something to drop in such institutions.—Inter-Ocean.

The indecency, the coarseness, the hell-born mendacity of the attacks made upon Secretary Sherman by hyena sheets, is a disgrace to nineteenth century journalism. How a man with even a rudimentary conscience, or a heart the size of a dwarfed mustard seed can sleep after writing such vile stuff is a mystery.—Bay City Tribune. Respectfully referred to the Detroit Tribune for its consideration.

The resumption of work and the advances of wages which are reported from various parts of the country recall the flush times which began with 1879. In that year the country entered on a period of the greatest industrial activity which it had ever known, and there is a probability that a repetition of these conditions is coming to hand.—Globe-Democrat.

The prosperity wave is so strong that the circulation of the New York banks, which have been declining for over two years, is again increasing. Of course the loans of these institutions keep on growing. The increase has been under way for more than a month, and the total of the loans is up to high figures, but the expansion is bound to continue. New records for loans are likely to be made often in the coming fall and winter.—Globe-Democrat.

"Potato" Pingree now knows how it is himself. He has a strike on his hands. Heretofore he has been urging that employers should accede to just demands of labor. Now, when labor has a demand on him he wants to arbitrate, but the men reply that in a matter of right there can't be arbitration, because arbitration is compromise. About 700 of his shoe factory employes have struck for higher wages.—New York Press.

A MOST WONDERFUL CURE.

Eminent Physicians pronounced it Consumption.

Dr. C. D. WARNER, Coldwater, Mich. Dear Sir—I have received great benefit from your White Wine of Tar Syrup. I had a cough, and the doctors gave up all hopes of my recovery, and pronounced it consumption. I tried everything that we could hear of. Finally one of my friends prevailed upon me to use your White Wine of Tar Syrup. I took 14 bottles and am cured entirely. Such medicine I can recommend to those who are afflicted as I was.

Very respectfully,
JOSEPH E. UNDERHILL,
Doland, S. Dakota.

The first six months of the McKinley administration is in marked contrast with the corresponding period of the Cleveland administration. Then banks were tumbling, business houses were putting up their shutters, manufacturers closing, farm prices falling, railroads going into the hands of receivers, men were idle everywhere, and strikes and riots were the order of the day. Now the railroads cannot furnish cars enough to move the crops, the prices are good, and the farmers hunting for more help, mills and factories are reopening, backs are complaining only of a plethora of ready money, and general activity and cheerfulness are resuming.

The township board is determined to enforce the law which provides that peddlers shall pay a license for the privilege of peddling their wares in this township. They taxed Victor, the Jew clothing peddler, who makes regular visits to this town, twenty dollars. He paid it under protest and began suit to recover the money. The suit will be tried on the 30th. The officers are now looking for S. Mitts, a Saginaw jeweler, to arrest him for selling goods without a license.—Lewiston Journal. Our township officer's eyes seem to be closed. Was it done by the peddlers?

Col. C. V. R. Pond, Asst. Adjutant General, Grand Army of the Republic, Dept. of Mich., has made his semi-annual report to National headquarters, in which he says: "There were in good standing in the department Jan. 1st, 382 Posts with a membership of 16,098. The gains during the term ending June 30th, have been Posts, 4; muster in of new members, 340; transfer from other Posts, 171; from reinstatement of delinquents, 492; making a total gain of 903 members. The losses for the same period were, by death, 177; by honorable discharge, 36; by transfer to other Posts, 133; by suspension, 672; by surrender of charter, 3 Posts and 43 members, making a total loss of 901 members. This leaves the showing for the department at the present time: 383 Posts, a gain of 1, 16,028 members, a decrease of 58 from the report of Dec. 31st, '96."

Hello, there, what does it mean, this sitting on the platform at free silver meetings, on the part of Gov. Pingree? Possibly, that the irrepressible Detroit will be standing on a silver platform next. Well, we all know that "them's his sentiments" anyhow.—Charlotte Tribune.

Buffalo has done great credit to herself by her kindness and admirable management for the comfort of the old veterans who have thronged her streets. No city entertains any body of men more deserving of the best, than those through whose sacrifices the flag floats from ocean to ocean and from the lakes to the gulf.—Inter-Ocean.

It is strange, that some people who say they never read patent medicine advertisements will be found lugging home every now and then a bottle of some favorite medicine of theirs. We don't bother you with much reading, but just ask you to try a 10c trial bottle of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin for constipation, indigestion and stomach trouble. 50c and \$1.00 sizes. For sale by L. Fournier.

Maple Forest Correspondence.

Frost has begun to do its work.

Fruit crop is not so large as last year.

Rufus Edmunds had a pleasant time at a dance in Germantown, last Saturday eve.

Archie R.'s new boys make a finer appearance when attached to the carriage than to the threshing machine.

It is getting cold weather. Treat Better get the house chinked up.

Born—To Mr. and Mrs. Claude Tompkins, a daughter. She has two grandmothers and two great grandmothers in this town. She should not want for care.

Just let "Froze Out" alone. He is getting tired. ZACK.

Hello!
Did you say that you were not feeling well, and that your stomach is out of order? Well then try a bottle of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, and you are sure of relief. Constipation and indigestion cured. Sick headache cured. Greatest boon to mankind, and is being appreciated by thousands. 10c will get you a trial size bottle. Larger sizes 50c and \$1.00. For sale by L. Fournier.

Postal Savings Bank.

One of the men that has been closely allied with the movement to establish a system of postal savings banks in the United States is Don A. Palmer, of Duluth, Minn. During the last session of Congress a bill was drafted by Mr. Palmer, and placed in the hands of the congressman from his district. This will be introduced at the next session of Congress. The bill provides that no more than \$500 shall be received in deposits from a single person and that 3 percent shall be paid on deposits. The bill also provides that any multiple of \$25, after having been on deposit for one year, can be changed to interest bearing bonds.

A bill has also been drafted by the Chicago record, one of the news papers that has taken a great interest in the establishing of the system, that resembles Mr. Palmer's bill in some respects, but differs in the essential features. It provides that deposits may be received from a single person to the amount of \$1500, and that the interest paid shall be but two per cent. Another difference in the two bills is that the Record bill does not provide for the changing of deposits to interest bearing bonds.

Mr. Palmer, in speaking of the matter, said: "The one great drawback to the success of our efforts has been the ignorance of the people generally in regard to postal savings banks. I would venture to say that not 20 per cent of the people of the United States know that such a thing as a postal savings bank exists and do not know what it means to the people. There is a vast amount of money that is in the hands of the people that is hoarded for a rainy day. The people will not deposit this money, for they are afraid of our banks, but just as soon as they see that they can be secured by the government this money will get into circulation. We are doing all that lies in our power to bring the matter to the attention of the people, by sending out printed literature on the subject, and I feel that it will not be long until our efforts will be rewarded."

"Postal Banks were introduced in Canada in 1868. The system is similar to the one in use in England. Last year there was deposited in the postal banks of Canada nearly \$30,000,000, and nearly \$1,000,000 was paid in interest during the year. There are also postal banks in Austria, France, Belgium, Sweden, Russia, Holland, New Zealand, Hawaii, and Italy. The system in vogue is practically the same in all the countries. The only noticeable difference is in the amount that may be taken from each depositor in one year, and the interest paid."

The subject is one that will may interest our whole people, and is sure to become part of our national policy.

Look for New AD. in this
Space, NEXT WEEK.

H. JOSEPH, Proprietor of the
CHEAP CASH STORE,
GRAYLING, MICHIGAN.

THE CITY DRUG STORE!
NORTH SIDE OF MICHIGAN AVENUE,
Is now Ready for Business, and offers to the Public a Full Line of
PURE DRUGS, MEDICINES AND CHEMICALS.
Prescriptions Accurately Filled, and Prices made to suit the Times.
I also carry a Line of PERFUMERY,
STATIONERY, CONFECTIONERY, TOBACCO AND CIGARS.
GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS.
And an Immense Stock of JEWELRY and BAZAAR GOODS.
Call and see me and look over my Stock, and I will do you good.
J. A. LEIGHTON, M. D.
Grayling, Michigan.
All Professional Calls Promptly Attended.

NOTICE is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Register and Receiver at Grayling, Mich., on October 28th, 1897, viz: Charles F. Bailey, Homestead Application No. 9481, for the NW 1/4, Sec. 2, Tp. 36, N. R. 4 W.
He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: Peter Abolt, William S. Chasler, Arthur E. Wakeley, Charles Schellenberger, all of Grayling, Mich.
O. PALMER, Register.

NOTICE is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Register and Receiver at Grayling, Mich., on September 14th, 1897, viz: Carl Fackels, Homestead Application No. 8507, for the SE 1/4 of Sec. 25, Tp. 27, N. R. 4 W.
He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: Peter Abolt, Fred F. Hoesli, Henry Feldhauser and Hugo Schreiber, all of Grayling, Mich.
JULIUS-SW OSCAR PALMER, Register.

PATENTS
Inventors and Trade Marks obtained, and all Patent business conducted for Moderate Fees.
Our Office is Opposite U. S. Patent Office, and we can secure patent in less time than those remote from Washington.
We advise, if patentable or not, free of charge. Our fee and the U. S. patent is secured. A Pamphlet, "How to Obtain Patents," with names of actual clients in your State, county, or town, sent free. Address:
G. A. SNOW & CO.,
Opposite Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

MEANS PERFECTION
WHEN APPLIED TO
REPEATING RIFLES AND ALL KINDS OF
SINGLE SHOT RIFLES
AMMUNITION
Pronounced by Experts the Standard of the World.
Ask your dealer for WINCHESTER make of Gun or Ammunition and take no other.
FREE—Our new Illustrated Catalogue.
WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO., New Haven, Ct.

BUY
YOUR
DRY GOODS,
GROCERIES,
HARDWARE,
AND
HAY,
OATS
& FEED,
AT
OUR STORE.
We guarantee satisfaction and
defy Competition.
Salling, Hanson &
Company,
Grayling, Michigan.

For Cash Only. During This Sale.
A BIG CUT IN PRICES!
WE MUST MAKE ROOM FOR
FALL AND WINTER GOODS, Therefore we will
offer for the next 30 days, endless values in
DRY GOODS, CLOTHING, SHOES AND FURNISHING GOODS.
All our Silver Sateen Laces at reduced prices.
All our Men's Boys and Children's
Clothing at reduced prices.
R. MEYER, Price Wrecker,
GRAYLING, MICHIGAN.

JUST RECEIVED,
I have just received the following Magazines for the month,
The Ladies Home Journal; Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly; The Nickel Magazine; The Strand; St. Nicholas; McClure's Magazine.
NEW BOOKS.
Marguerite's Heritage, by Mrs. George Sheldon, Price 25 Cents
Only The Governess, by Rosa N. Carey, " 25 "
Queen Bees, by Mrs. George Sheldon, " 10 "
Webman's Song Book, No. 54, " 10 "
For Sale by J. W. SORENSON, Grayling, Mich.

Do You Want Satisfaction?
THE DETROIT JOURNAL
SEMI-WEEKLY.
is the most satisfactory and popular twice-a-week newspaper published in Michigan.
The Detroit Journal, Semi-Weekly, is distinctively a Michigan newspaper devoted to the state in all its various interests and is the best, cheapest, and largest newspaper published in Michigan.
MORE PEOPLE READ The Detroit Journal, Semi-Weekly, in Michigan, than any similar newspaper published. Here are a few reasons:
The Market Reports are the very best.
The Latest News is in every issue.
The Editorials acknowledged the choicest.
The Journal Cartoons have a national reputation.
The Journal's Stories are a pleasure to young and old.
There are Carefully Edited Departments for all kinds of Readers.

The Detroit Journal, Semi-Weekly,
5 PAGES, 44 COLUMNS, 104 EDITIONS.
\$1.00 PER YEAR.
The BEST and CHEAPEST NEWSPAPER published for the money.
IF NOT A READER SUBSCRIBE AT ONCE.
(Write your name and address on a postal card, address to J. C. Scott, Mgr. Detroit Journal, Semi-Weekly, for four months.)
SPECIAL SUBSCRIPTION OFFER.
All new Subscribers to the AVALANCHE, and those who have paid up, can have the Semi-weekly Journal for 50 cts.

The Avalanche.

J. C. HANSON, LOCAL EDITOR
THURSDAY, SEP. 2, 1897.

LOCAL ITEMS.

D. S. Waldron, of South Branch, was in town, Tuesday.

School Books at Fournier's Drug Store.

C. W. West, of Center Plains, was in town, last Saturday.

Buy your Evaporated and Canned Fruits, at Bates & Co's.

S. H. Johnson, of Center Plains, was in town, last Saturday.

A fine ruler free, with every tablet, at Fournier's.

H. G. Benedict, of Beaver Creek, was in town last Thursday.

W. Stewart, of Beaver Creek, was in town last Thursday.

Mrs. Wm. Metcalf, of Center Plains township, was in town last Saturday.

A. B. Corwin, of Pere Chevey, was in town last Saturday.

Supervisor Hanna, of Beaver Creek was in town, Monday.

The planing mill shut down for a short time, for repairs, Tuesday evening.

BORN—On Saturday, Aug. 28th, to Mr. and Mrs. Peter Johnson, a daughter.

Mrs. J. C. Burton, and daughter, went to Bay City and other points, last Tuesday, for a visit.

Detroit White Lead Works strictly pure Paints, sold and warranted by Albert Kraus.

J. J. Niederer, ex-supervisor of Maple Forest township, was in town, Monday, with a load of potatoes.

Ladies' Underwear 5c, 10c, 15c and 25c at the store of S. H. & Co.

Miss Lettie Barker left on the early train Monday, for Colorado, where she expects to reside hereafter.

Mrs. Eickhoff went to Cheboygan, Monday, for a week's visit with her young grand-daughter.

The best place in Grayling to buy Hay, Grain and Feed, is at Bates & Co's. Prices guaranteed.

If you want a high grade Bicycle, go to Albert Kraus, and get a Waverly.

Mrs. J. J. Collins returned from a visit with her mother, at Otter Lake, last Saturday.

The W. R. C. gained three new members, by initiation, last Saturday.

Chas. Barber, ex-supervisor of the township of Frederic, was in town, last Saturday.

You can buy an Oliver, a Wiard, a Greenville, or a Bay City Plow of Albert Kraus.

H. Joseph returned from his eastern trip, last Thursday. He reports an enjoyable trip.

C. A. Ingerson returned from a business trip to Petoskey, last Sunday morning.

BORN—Sunday morning, to Mr. and Mrs. W. Fairbottom, a daughter.

Mrs. Hugh Oaks returned from a three week's visit with relatives at Lansing, Flushing and Owosso, last Thursday.

Mrs. M. Simpson, of Flushing, is visiting with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Wilcox, this week.

Bates & Co. are offering the choicest Teas and the best Coffees in town.

Wm. Woodburn had the pleasure of entertaining his grand-children, from Maple Forest, last week.

For the finest line of 5c and 10c goods in this county. Watch Joseph's new Ad, next week.

Mrs. Wm. Riker, of Dansville, is visiting with her father, Justice Woodburn, this week.

Call at Bates & Co's for School Supplies and Tablets. A gift with every Tablet.

Miss Josie Jones went to Detroit, last week, for a visit, combining business and pleasure.

Bay City is pushing her beet sugar factory project, and it looks as though it would be a success.

One hundred and fifty bushels of blackberries were shipped from Pinconning, Monday of last week.

Rev. Frank Hoyt, the noted free silver apostle, of Petoskey, has gone to the gold fields of Alaska.

For the finest line of 5c and 10c goods in this county. Watch Joseph's new Ad, next week.

The old Hooker House, at Otsego Lake, was sold for the lumber in it last week, for \$50.00.

Twenty-four Gaylordites took in the National Encampment at Buffalo, N. Y., last week.

School meeting next Monday evening. Let it not be a mere formality, or a mere routine.

The AVALANCHE gets the printing of the State Tax List.

For the finest line of 5c and 10c goods in this county. Watch Joseph's new Ad, next week.

The school census shows 408 pupils of school age in the district, a gain of eight in the last year.

Rev. J. J. Willets, of Frederic, was in town, Tuesday, and made us a pleasant call.

For the finest line of 5c and 10c goods in this county. Watch Joseph's new Ad, next week.

Any one wishing to purchase some fine pigs can procure them of Hugo Schreiber, in Grove township.

Mr. S. O. Knight and family leave to-day for their homestead in Montmorency county, where they will remain until next spring.

Bring your Butter, Eggs, and Huckleberries to S. H. & Co. They pay the highest market price for them.

BORN—At the M. E. Parsonage in Cheboygan, last Friday morning, to Rev. and Mrs. S. G. Taylor, a daughter.

Frank Deckrow and family are residents of Grayling once more, having moved back from Maple Forest, the beginning of the week.

Use Boydell's Prepared Paints to brighten your home. Every gallon sold on a guarantee. For sale at Fournier's Drug Store.

Mrs. Rasmusson, of Grayling, made her sister, Mrs. Bay, a short visit, the beginning of the week.—Lewiston Journal.

Comrade C. Eickhoff returned from Buffalo, Tuesday morning. He had a good time visiting with relatives and old army chums.

Now is the time to paint your house with Sherwin Williams' Paint, the best on earth, and for sale by S. H. & Co.

A. J. Rose's health is improving slowly and he is now able to come to town, and attended the Post meeting last Saturday evening.

N. Michelson has just purchased 120 head of young cattle, making over 300 now on his Houghton Lake farm.

Mrs. A. J. Rose and her daughter, Mrs. Dr. Woodworth, and Mrs. D. L. Whipple joined the W. R. C. Society, last Saturday.

Quite a number of West Branch citizens, most middle aged and young men, have declared their intentions to settle on some of the homestead lands in that county.

Prof. Chas. D. Hedinger, one of the best opticians in Michigan, will be in Grayling until Monday next, and will make regular visits every sixty days hereafter. Office at Mrs. Knight's.

Mrs. M. A. Bates gave four-year-old Lillian a birthday party last Thursday, which was participated in by about thirty of as happy little ones as ever were assembled.

We have two Men's and one Boy's Wheel left, which we will sell at a bargain. Call and see them, if interested. S. H. & Co.

School opened Monday with full attendance and unusual enthusiasm. The safety of the nation depends on its intelligence. Support the schools with economy, but not stingily.

Mrs. W. S. Chalker and Mrs. J. E. McKnight returned from Maple Forest, yesterday, where they had been for a week picking and canning berries.

There will be service at the Methodist Protestant Church, on next Sunday evening, Sept. 5th, and every Sunday evening, thereafter, until further notice.

Timothy Cox, formerly known and addressed as "Tim," when a resident of this village, is reported to have been married to a charming widow, with a son thirteen years of age.

A splendid single Buggy Harness for \$6.00, and a double heavy Farm Harness, complete with collars, for \$23.00, at S. H. & Co's.

Comrade Stewart Gorton, of Luzerne, Oscoda county, was in town with his wife last Saturday, shopping and visiting. He is a member of Marvin Post, G. A. R., and met with us in the evening. He is always welcome.

Awarded Highest Honors World's Fair, DR.

PRICES

CREAM

BAKING

POWDER

MOST PERFECT MADE.

A pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder. Free from Ammonia, Alum or any other adulterant. 40 YEARS THE STANDARD.

Dr. Wm. Wemp and family left on the noon train, yesterday, for Fenton, where they expect to locate.

The Michigan state fair will be held at Grand Rapids, September 6th to 10th, inclusive. The exhibit promises to be large and fine and special attractions have been secured. Half fare on all railroads during the week.

The W. R. C. captured the Post last Saturday evening, and on terms of unconditional surrender; treated the prisoners with Ice Cream, Fruit and Cake, which was not at all like old army rations. It was a pleasant occasion.

A Household Necessity. No family should be without Foley's Colic Cure, for all bowel complaints. For sale at L. Fournier's Drug Store.

Found. At Fournier's Drug Store, a marvelous cure for all kidney complaints, nervous exhaustion, and female weakness. It is Foley's Kidney Cure.

Last Saturday the large saw mill of the M. & H. L. Co., shutdown for extensive repairs. New boilers have come and are being placed in position. The foundation to the mill is being strengthened and the whole mill undergoing a general overhauling. It will probably take about a month to complete the repairs.—Lewiston Journal.

BONFIELD, Ill. Aug. 14, 1895. "I am subject to Cramps and Colic, and have used many remedies, but find Foley's Colic Cure beats them all. W. L. YEATS. For sale by L. Fournier.

Mrs. Frank Bell started for Denver, Col., Wednesday morning, in search of health, which all of her friends here most earnestly hope will be found. She is accompanied by her mother, Mrs. W. A. Masters, who will probably remain with her the balance of the year. Mr. Masters will go as far as Chicago, where they will arrive Saturday, having stopped for three days in Hillsdale, and there will be met by Mr. Bell, who will go with them.

Dangerous Drinking Water. Death lurks in impure water. It breeds diseases, often in epidemic form. The first symptom is looseness of the bowels. These diseases are checked by taking Foley's Colic Cure. For sale by L. Fournier.

Deputy Sheriff Johnson went to Grand Marais, Michigan, last week, after Albert Cushman, who was held in jail there, by request of Sheriff Chalkier, for his assault on Fred Wahl, last winter. The prisoner was to remain in jail till morning, but when the night watchman visited the cell at 2 o'clock, the bird had flown, and has not since been found. Sheriff Chalkier offers a reward of \$20.00 for his capture.

Bucklin's Arnica Salve. THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fleas, Bites, Tetters, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by L. Fournier, druggist.

A. C. Wilcox returned from the reunion of his regiment, at Chesaning, last Thursday morning. He reports having had a good time and was entertained at one of the best hotels. There were over fifty of the eighty members enrolled, present, of whom five or six were members of his company. The reunion lasted but one day and the exercises consisted of a procession, address and a business meeting. Comrade McElroy, of Lapeer, was elected president of the association, and T. J. West, of Detroit, secretary and treasurer. The next reunion of the "fighting fifth" will be held at Lapeer, on the last Wednesday in August 1898.

Sunday School Meeting. A meeting in the interest of Sunday School work will be held in the M. E. church, on Sunday afternoon and evening, Sept. 5th. This meeting is inter-denominational, and intended to be helpful to all engaged in S. S. work, and the presence and co-operation of all Sunday Schools in the county is desired.

The meeting will be under the general direction of M. H. Reynolds, of Owosso, secretary of the State S. S. Association.

Meeting begins half past 2 o'clock, Sunday afternoon, and 7.30 in the evening. Every body invited to attend. A program of essays, speeches and singing will be given.

Something to Depend On. Mr. James Jones, of the drug firm of Jones & Son, Cowden, Ill., in speaking of Dr. King's New Discovery, says that last winter his wife was attacked with La Grippe, and her case grew so serious that physicians at Cowden and Pana could do nothing for her. It seemed to develop into hasty consumption. Having Dr. King's New Discovery in store, and selling lots of it, he took a bottle home, and to the surprise of all she began to get better from first dose, and half dozen dollar bottles cured her sound and well. Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds is guaranteed to do this good work. Try it. Free trial bottles at L. Fournier's Drug Store.

THE KLONDYKE

IS ALL RIGHT
WHEN YOU ARE LOOKING FOR
GOLD!

BUT WHEN YOU
ARE LOOKING FOR BARGAINS,
GO TO CLAGGETT'S STORE.

New Goods arriving daily, Don't fail to see our new line of

GENTS, LADIES, AND CHILDREN'S UNDERWEAR.

The best place in the city to buy your GROCERIES, and the cheapest place to buy your

SHOES.

Give us a trial order and be convinced that we CAN SAVE YOU MONEY.

S. S. CLAGGETT,

GRAYLING, MICHIGAN.

School Books!!

SCHOOL BOOKS!!

FOURNIER'S DRUG STORE

Is Headquarters for SCHOOL BOOKS & SCHOOL SUPPLIES of all descriptions.

TABLETS from ONE CENT UP. With every FIVE and TEN CENT Tablet bought of us, we give you a

RULER FREE OF CHARGE.

LUCIEN FOURNIER,

DRUGGIST AND BOOKSELLER,

GRAYLING, MICHIGAN.

The veterans who attended the annual reunion of the Northern Michigan Soldiers' and Sailors' association, at Gaylord, last week, report a very interesting time. Every arrangement had been made looking to the comfort of the "boys," and the hospitality of the good people of Gaylord, was unbounded. Their houses were thrown wide open and there was accommodation for many more than were present.—Cheboygan Tribune.

Old People. Old people who require medicine to regulate the bowels and kidneys will find the true remedy in Electric Bitters. This medicine does not stimulate and contains no whiskey nor other intoxicant, but acts as a tonic and alternative. It acts mild on the stomach and bowels, adding strength and tone to the organs, thereby aiding nature in the performance of its function. Electric Bitters is an excellent appetizer and aids digestion. Old people find it just exactly what they need. Price 50 cents and \$1.00 per bottle at L. Fournier's Drug Store.

A man giving his name as W. E. Crane, has been working Methodist pastors at Cheboygan, Alpena, Bay City and Escanaba. He told each one a pitiful story about being robbed of all his money while traveling with his wife and baby. Rev. S. G. Taylor, of Cheboygan, got \$12.00 together for the man, who claimed to be a Methodist exhorter.—Detroit Journal.

Good News. No other medicine in the world was ever given such a test of its curative qualities as Otto's Cure. Thousands of bottles of this great German remedy are distributed FREE OF CHARGE by druggists in this country to those afflicted with Consumption, Asthma, Croup, severe Coughs, Pneumonia and all Throat and Lung Diseases, giving the people proof that Otto's Cure will cure them, and that it is the greatest triumph of medical science. For sale only by L. Fournier. Samples free. Large bottles 50 cents and 25 cents.

Interchangeable Mileage Tickets. A new form of Thousand-Mile Ticket, the result of careful consideration and discussion between the railroads and their principal patrons, will be placed on sale September 1st at all important Michigan Central ticket offices. The ticket is sold for \$30.00, with a rebate to the purchaser of \$10.00, when used up in compliance with its conditions, and is accepted on all the lines in the Central Passenger Association, 45 in number, and covering a vast extent of country. No mileage book has yet been devised so acceptable to all parties concerned and so advantageous to the holder. Every one who is likely to travel a thousand miles in a year should avail themselves of it, and should consult the nearest Michigan Central ticket agent.

This Week's Special

AT
ROSEN
THAL'S!

YOU CAN BUY ANY
Shirt Waist in Stock,
AT COST.

COME AND SEE THEM

JOE ROSENTHAL,

One Price Clothing, Dry Goods, Hat,

CAP AND SHOE HOUSE,

GRAYLING, MICHIGAN.

W. B. FLYNN, Dentist
WEST BRANCH, MICH.

WILL make regular trips to Grayling the 10th of each month, remaining for three days. Office with Dr. Insley.

LOST OR ESTRAYED—A large red Durham cow, with bells on her horns, no bell. Any information will be thankfully received, and a reward paid for her return.

ALBERT KRAUS,
Grayling, Mich.

Farmer's Annual Pic-Nic.

The Annual Pic-Nic of the Farmer's Association of Crawford County will be held on their grounds near the Odell school house, September 16th. Arrangements will be made to make it more successful than ever before, and a cordial invitation is extended to all, to come with their baskets full, and enjoy a day in social intercourse.

C. WALDRON, Sec'y.

For Sale.

The Commercial House, of Grayling, is for sale. For terms, etc., address or call on John Staley, at the Exchange Bank, Grayling, Mich.

aprs-17

I. M. Sisty, of Center Plains, will sow fourteen acres to wheat this fall. It will be dollar wheat.

Notice.

Parties having young cattle can find a ready market for them by applying to us. We will pay highest market price.

SALLING, HANSON & CO.

Petition to Vacate part of Village Plat.

To the Circuit Court of the County of Crawford.

THE PETITION of Martha M. Brink, of said County, respectfully shows, that she is the owner in fee of the following described lots and blocks of land, situate in the village of Grayling, in said County, according to the plat thereof, to-wit: Block one (1), Lots seven (7), eight (8), nine (9), ten (10), eleven (11), and twelve (12) of Block two (2); Lots eight (8), nine (9), ten (10), eleven (11), and twelve (12) of Block three (3); and the alley running north and south, through Blocks one, two and three, all of them situate in the village of Grayling, in said County, and the East half of Block one (1), and the East half of Block two (2).

And your petitioner further shows that the portion of the said village of Grayling, in which the above described lots and parcels of land are situated was surveyed into lots and blocks, streets and alleys, and a plat thereof made and duly acknowledged by the proprietor thereof, and recorded in the office of the register of deeds of the said County of Crawford, on the 18th day of June A. D. 1890 upon which the same was designated as Martha M. Brink's Addition to the village of Grayling, to which said plat and the record thereof your petitioner prays leave to refer.

Your petitioner further shows that the lots and parcels of land, so owned by her as above described, embrace and constitute the whole of Block one, the east one half of Block two and three of the said addition to the village of Grayling, and that the streets and alleys as above described, were surveyed and platted by the said original proprietor, and your petitioner is the only person who owns or is interested in any of the lands to the east or south of said streets or alleys, and that the said streets and alleys will be of great value in the opening or keeping open of the said streets and alleys.

And your petitioner further shows that it is desirable that the part of the plat with the streets and alleys above described should be vacated to the following purpose, to-wit: The lands herein described are a part of the lands owned by your petitioner, and are used or needed for no other purpose.

Your petitioner therefore, in pursuance of the statute in such case made and provided, hereby prays that the streets and alleys herein before mentioned and described may be vacated to the extent herein prayed for, and that the same be of great value in the opening or keeping open of the said streets and alleys.

O. PALMER, Atty for Petitioner.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, S.S.

Martha M. Brink, being duly sworn deposes and says that she resides in the said County of Crawford, that on the 18th day of August A. D. 1897, she has read and knows the contents thereof, and that the same is true in substance and matter of fact.

(J. S.) JAMES K. WRIGHT
Notary Public in and for Crawford Co.

Yerington's College.

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THE TELEGRAPH CORPS AT THE CHICAGO BOARD OF TRADE.



HE methods that have been devised to meet the demands for rapid service in telegraphy, have evolved some wonderful results during the past few years, particularly in the field of business.

Operators on the various boards of exchange in the great cities have come more and more to rely on electricity as an adjunct of trade, until to-day fully seventy-five per cent. of the transactions of a single day on a representative board of trade or stock exchange are made by wire. So perfect have become telegraphic methods in this particular, that New York was queried from Chicago recently, and an answer returned in thirty seconds. The humble citizen who has tried to telegraph his wife at some near suburb that he will not be home to dinner, and who on his arrival about bedtime finds the police looking for him, and is routed out of his comfortable bed several hours later to receive for the message he filed down town early in the morning, will smile with incredulity when he reads how differently they do things on "Change. But the demands of the commercial world and the sharp competition of the rival companies have resulted in a system so perfect that "impossible" feats in the race of trade against time are performed on the Board of Trade every day.

At a fair estimate 75 per cent. of the actual transactions on the board are executed on telegraphic orders. Add to these purely "order" messages the mass of gossip in the form of opinions, crop estimates and reports, and advice and market letters, and it is easily seen how the wires are kept hot. The trading on the exchange originates in three ways: Orders are given personally by members present on the floor; they come over leased lines, to the so-called "private wire" houses, or over public wires from the floors of other commercial exchanges in different sections of the country. The character of business done demands the greatest possible celerity in every stage of its handling, and for this reason it is generally arranged with the companies to have their instruments and operators close to the trading pits in the various exchanges.

On the Chicago Board of Trade, two completely equipped offices, duplicates of each other in every respect, are used. Fifty-two main line wires connect in each, and a force of one hundred operators may be employed on them. These lines radiating from the exchange floor spread out over the country in all directions and bring the principal trading centers under the fingers of the telegraph company's clever young men. Six of the lines take care of the New York business, two of the six terminating on the floor of the produce exchange there, one each carrying the Stock, Cotton and Oil exchanges, and the remaining one working a set of instruments in the main office of the company. Minneapolis, St. Louis, Philadelphia, Boston, Cincinnati, Buffalo and a few other important cities have two wires each, and the remaining points get along with a single one. The long, narrow operating tables, cutting the space into rows of slender aisles, have the instruments grouped upon them according to the cities they serve, and so contracted are the quarters that the operators' shoulders are wedged together as they sit at their keys.

This company of experts is directly under the chief operator and four assistants. From the operating table close of business the operators circulate among the men, watching the message books to see that there is no accumulation of business or delay in transmission. Twenty-eight messengers attend to deliveries on the floor, and as the operators are the flower of the office force, so the lads are especially trained for the business and are the brightest to be had. Their preliminary education on the floor involves the acquisition of the knowledge of the personnel of every firm on the board, and they must know personally by name every trader operating in the various pits. If they change from one firm to another the messenger must know it and be careful that messages for the old house do not fall into the hands of the ex-employee.

The business that this force can handle is simply enormous. Most order messages are short—generally under ten words. Three such messages have been handled by a single operator in a minute in the ordinary course of business.

Eighteen hundred messages in the four hours between 9:30 and 1:30 have been handled frequently over the two New York Produce Exchange wires. This is an average of two complete messages a minute for each of the operators. Over the fifty duplexed lines, therefore, if worked to their limit, two hundred messages a minute could be handled. Accuracy is the great thing. A wrong figure might make a difference of thousands of dollars to the sender or receiver of the message, and when one considers the high pressure under which the men work, with scores of pounders about them snapping out, and with a thousand brokers splitting the air with trade jargon, yelps, the percentage of error is so small and unimportant as to be hardly worth considering.

Up to a year ago the orders received over the private wires were carried from the private offices to the floor representatives of the firms by a corps of

active boys, but lately a group of private telephones was installed in the trading hall, with wires leading to the offices of the private wire houses. Now a mild young man, with an ear muff receiver bolted to his head, sits on a high stool at the telephone, receives the quotations by signal from another employee in the pit, repeats them to his house below and transmits buying orders to traders in the various pits.

A simple system of signals is employed more or less by everyone on the floor, to indicate the fractional fluctuation during active trading. The right hand is used in signalling, each finger and the thumb standing for an eighth of a cent. Two fingers held up represent one-quarter of a cent; three fingers, three-eighths; four fingers, one-half; and with the thumb, five-eighths. With the fingers extended close together and the thumb across the palm, three-quarters is indicated; seven-eighths is shown with the hand closed and the thumb extended at right angles, and the even cent by the closed fist. If the fingers point up the price shown is bid; reversed, pointing down, the figure is asked by sellers.

Where messages are received for points to which no direct wire runs from the floor of the Board of Trade, the same are shot through pneumatic tubes to the main offices of the telegraph company, and thence distributed by messenger boys. The best record on a message and reply, New York, is eighteen seconds. The same record has been made with Minneapolis.

Mistakes are seldom made. One of two curious errors, however, have been due to the similarity of the dots and dashes in numbers and words. One commission man was puzzled by the receipt of a message advising him that "angel cats" had been received consigned to him. The mystery was cleared up when a different division of the dots and dashes in the word "angel" disclosed the figures 170. Another broker was mystified by being wired to ship several cars of grain to J. Bloom Splagent. Knowing one of that name he started an investigation, and discovered that it was "J. Bloom Splagent" to whom he should ship.

An order to buy 20,000 May "cats" caused a good deal of merriment here one morning. Of course it should have been "cats." And a delivery clerk thought he had discovered a new kind of a job when he received a message addressed to "James Gilles, Pic Clerk Steamboat." Later it was translated to James Gillespie, and reached him on his boat.

EDWARD HANLAN TEN EYCK.

Fastest Center of His Age America Has Ever Produced.

Young Edward Hanlan Ten Eyck, who at Henley splashed to victory in the Diamond Sculls, the single scull championship of the world for amateurs, represented Massachusetts in the big English regatta. His triumph did not please the British because of the suspicions of semi-professionalism that attach to him. Ten Eyck is unquestionably the fastest sculler of his age ever produced by America. He won his first and junior race at the regatta on the Charles River, July 4, 1895, and in 1896 he was the winner of the national intermediate championship at Saratoga. In that event his time was faster than that made in the senior race, and this led to his match with the champion, Whitehead, in the following October. He carried off the senior championship of New England on Labor Day last



EDWARD HANLAN TEN EYCK.

year, and rowed away from Whitehead in October at Lake Quinsigamond. Ten Eyck is still a schoolboy. He is but 18 years old, but is marvelously developed for a lad of that age. His attitude and action in a scull are the very poetry of sculling, and veterans say they never saw a smoother or more masterful oarsman handle the blades. He is an American all the way through. Born upon the banks of the Hudson at Peekskill, he was, one may say, reared upon the water. His grandfather was a ferryman, and his father, the noted professional oarsman, first learned to handle

the sculls on the same stream. He measures about 5 feet 8 1/2 inches and weighs, when in condition for rowing, about 162 pounds. He was trained for the event which he has just won by his father. The question of his amateur standing was brought up by a man from Worcester, who was persuaded to withdraw his objection. The Diamond Sculls were offered years ago and made a perpetual prize which nobody can win outright. Each year a solid gold bar, inscribed with the winner's name, is added to the sculls. That is all there is in it for the winner so far as the sculls are concerned. Ten Eyck will receive a handsome silver cup as a token.

FIRST BARBER IN CHICAGO.

Colored Man Who Shaved Lincoln in Early Days Still in Business.

The first barber to open a shop in Chicago is still doing business, although not exactly at "the old stand." He is an aged colored man, Louis Is-



LOUIS ISBELL.

bell, who came to Chicago and began removing heads and cutting hair in 1838. Although 73 years old, still he has a shop at 335 West Randolph street. Isbell is a fine-looking old man, with long white hair falling almost to his shoulders. He is remarkably spry and active for one of his years. He does not do as much work now as most barbers who run shops, although he is always in his place of business ready to take a hand in case of a rush. He has two barbers working for him and spends most of his time sitting about in the shade thinking of old times, ready to talk of the days when Chicago was young.

The old barber was born in 1819 at Prestonsburg, Ky. He was especially fortunate for one of his race in those days, for he was released from slavery when he was only 5 years old and removed to Paris, Ill. There he lived with his parents until 1838 and there he picked up the rudiments of the barber's trade. When he began to approach man's estate Isbell decided to leave the little country town in which he was raised and strike out for himself in Chicago. His shop soon became the favorite of all the politicians of that day and in the years in which Isbell was in business there he shaved Abraham Lincoln, who came to Chicago to attend court on several occasions; Stephen A. Douglas, "Long John" Wentworth, General Beaubien, William B. Ogden, Walter Newberry and many other early Chicagoans.

Those Humorous Cincinnatians.

"What is a spiral stairway?" This question was asked of 1,302 people in Cincinnati yesterday, and 1,301 of them raised his or her right hand and proceeded to illustrate in pantomime the winding course of a spiral stairway. The one who failed knew not what a spiral stairway was and so frankly admitted.

The harmless joke started on "Change. A fun-loving broker asked another dealer the question and then laughed as he raised his hand in the air to illustrate, saying: "Why, it's like this." The victim, of course, started out to "get even," and before closing hour pretty nearly every one on the floor had at one time or another raised his right hand as though to take a solemn oath and had been laughed at for his pains. Members discussed the joke, and insisted that it proved that sign language antedates spoken words.

From "Change" the joke spread all over the city. People who had been "caught" asked the members of their families, "What is a spiral stairway?" and then laughed at them.

It's only a little matter, but it has its humorous side. Try it on some one who hasn't heard of it, and watch his hand go up.—Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.

Plan in Mitigation.

"All the evidence goes to show that you were scorching," declared the Court. "Anything to say for yourself?"

"Yes, your Honor, that woman with a rollin' pin in her hand, ridin' after me as hard as she could peg was my wife."—Detroit Free Press.

WOMAN IS AN EMBEZZLER.

Alice M. Barrett's Case Disproves the Sex's Famous Honor.

Ever since woman entered the domain of active business, accepted and performed the duties of trust and responsibility, it has been urged that the sex is essentially honest. A woman embezzler has been regarded as an impossibility. The sex has not been sufficient to protect them from the commission of other crimes, but that one would deliberately steal from an employer and endeavor to conceal the defalcation has been considered of the things not possible to nature.

This dream of superiority in innate honesty received a rude shock when the tragic fate of Miss Alice M. Barrett, the Boston bookkeeper and stenographer, showed that under the same temptation and with the same incentives at work, there can be and is but little difference in humanity, whether clad in skirts or trousers. Sad as it is to the sorrowing relatives, and as it may seem to all who sympathize with them in their double bereavement, the evidence was too direct to admit of doubt. The young woman not only took the funds of her employers, but fearing the inevitable exposure incident to a change in the make-up of the firm, followed in the footsteps of so many of the same class. She ended her own life, rather than face the consequences of exposure.

The story of the death and all of the circumstances surrounding it has been told. The fact that an effort had been made to destroy the cash book by fire was known within a day after the fact, was known that a bullet and not lightning caused the death of the attractive young woman.

Scarcely anyone could be surprised at the result of the examination of the firm's books, after her mother had admitted that the girl had lived on a scale that her salary could not possibly justify, and after it had been shown that the girl had suffered serious losses in wildcat speculation. A complete chain of circumstantial evidence had been forged. It shows that Alice Barrett was extravagant in her expenditures, that she gambled in stocks, that she took her employers' money in order to keep up this speculation, that she set fire to the books in order to conceal the defalcation, and perhaps with the intention of destroying the building in order to do so, and that she finally shot herself in order to avoid facing the discovery and disgrace which she supposed threatened her.

She was endowed with a lively imagination. She did not care for men nor for marriage, at least a marriage which would pinion her to the ordinary duties of a housewife. In one of her letters she said she preferred to slip her own cup of tea alone and only stipulated that the tea should be of good quality, and that she should not be obliged to drink it out of a cracked cup. She thought she was denied opportunity and she attempted to create it. Some-



ALICE M. BARRETT'S TRAGIC DEATH.

where or somehow she had heard of the wonderful things done in the bucket shops. Here, she thought, was a quick road to wealth, not wealth for the own sake, but for the sake of the opportunities it would give her. She lost, and to cover this made false entries in the books.

It appears that Miss Barrett had been pursuing this dangerous course for about a year, when the awful day of reckoning came. The books upon examination, show very clearly when she began to appropriate her employer's money, and the clerks recollect the fact that about the same time there was a marked change in the personal appearance of Miss Barrett. Her manner of dressing became more elaborate, her clothing was of the richest material and expensive jewelry figured in her adornments. These things were accounted for by the young lady to the satisfaction of her mother, but in order to explain these things the favorite child of her mother had to resort to further deception.

The first venture in speculation had proved a failure, but added her debts for the fiery fever of speculation had taken possession of her. She essayed a second venture and went into the mire deeper and deeper. Each succeeding loss seemed but to make her more determined, for she hoped that success would yet come to her.

Miss Barrett's position in the office of Codman & Codman made it possible for her to carry on this work with little fear of detection. It is not believed that Miss Barrett intended to steal out and out her employer's money, but that she was merely using it as a means to an end. She hoped to succeed and make good what she had taken.

Slave Trade in Morocco.

Late accounts from Morocco show that the Moors still carry on slave trading at the very doors of western civilization. A powerful administrator of

the Gharb district, named El-Ameen-Ould-el-Dawia, recently purchased three slaves, one of them being a handsome-looking woman of about 27 years, for which this official paid \$22. This slave buyer is a person who at the shereefian court and makes presents to influential court personages. At times these distinguished courtiers and they possess more slaves than they require, so they send these wretched beings to the "public auction market" in the capital, and generally obtain good prices for them.

Generally the slaves are taken from negro families that have been brought up from their childhood in Morocco, and dealers are continually bringing others from the Soos provinces. At least two dealers journey to Tangier itself twice a year, bringing boys and girls, who are sold privately to the rich Moors of that city. Moorish government officials do not stop this disgraceful traffic through the Soos provinces, nor prevent the sale of slaves in the chief centers of Moorish civilization.

Through the measures taken by the late Sir John Drummond Hay in 1885, the British minister at Tangier, public sale of slaves was forbidden in Tangier city, but public sales of slaves are still allowed in every other place, and even in Tangier, though greatly lessened, sales are regularly effected privately.—London Mail.

MOST WONDERFUL TEMPLE.

Built on a Rocking Stone on the Summit of an Indian Mountain.

The most wonderful temple in the world is built on a rocking stone on the summit of a mountain in Northern India. It is impossible to imagine a more wonderful situation than that of this temple. The rocking stone is situated



TEMPLE ON A ROCKING STONE.

on a mountain over 20,000 feet high. It weighs many thousands of tons, but is balanced on so fine a point that a comparatively light pressure is sufficient to make it sway. Whether or not the great rock was raised to its present position by human hands is a mystery to scientific minds. If it was, the labor was one to which no modern engineering feat can be compared. The Hindu priests teach their followers that the rock was placed in position by the help of the gods. In this way they add con-



ALICE M. BARRETT'S TRAGIC DEATH.

sidemally to the feeling of awe which they desire to create. The worshippers at this shrine must first make the ascent of the mountain, a matter of great difficulty. Then they spend seven days of preparation in a temple built on the solid mountain before they are permitted to make the final passage to the mysterious rocking stone. To reach the stone it is necessary to cross a bridge over a great chasm. Nature and man had combined to make this Hindu shrine awe-inspiring to the devotee. After crossing the bridge the pilgrim mounts a ladder, to which he clings in terror for his life here and in the hereafter. The temple on the rock is necessarily a small place. Three priests officiate in it. The mysteries which take place here no man is permitted to reveal. Europeans have seen it from a distance.—New York Journal.

It Stood the Test.

A public writer had a partition wall fixed up in his study and ordered the carpenters to make it in such a way that no sound could penetrate through it.

"The best thing will be to fill it in with shavings," said the man, and set to work.

When he had finished, his employer went and stood on one side of the partition and called out to the man who was on the other side:

"Do you hear me, Janke?"

"No, sir," was the prompt reply.

Another Kind.

"Light," said the minister, "is the natural symbol of truth."

"How about the light that lies in a woman's eyes?" asked the layman.—Judge.

Poor Eyesight in Schools.

In the public schools of France more than 24 per cent. of the pupils are nearsighted; in those of Germany, 35 per cent.; in those of the United Kingdom, 20 per cent.

POSEY'S PLUCKY PARSON.

He Started Grant and Garfield on the Road to Military Fame.

One of the unique and heroic figures of the West is Rev. J. F. Jaquess, of Posey County, Indiana. He was one of the fighting parsons of the war period and has the undisputed distinction of having sent Grant and Garfield on the road to military fame.

The career of this man of the gospel and gun is interesting. He was born in the village of Indiana early in the century, when pioneers were few. As he grew up his educational facilities were poor, but he finally succeeded in working his way through Asbury College and then began preaching in southern Illinois. Those were rough and ready days, but Jaquess was equal to every emergency, and, if needed, could use his fists as well as any man in the country. The way he could swing an ax and handle a horse, together with his brilliant mental qualities, made him an idol among the pioneers. A decade before the civil war began he founded the Woman's College at Jacksonville, Ill. When the war broke out Gov. Yates, of Illinois, sent for Mr. Jaquess to come to Springfield. The preacher obeyed the call and became the companion and adviser of the Governor.

He was in the office one day when a calm, blunt man came in and declared that he thought he could be of use to the Governor in getting troops. The Governor looked over the rough man, but did not see that there was anything that could be assigned to him just then. Mr. Jaquess was sitting near the desk, and he whispered to the Governor to ask the man to call again to-morrow. After he had gone out Jaquess turned to the Governor and said:

"Yates, there's something in that man, I believe, and I think you'd better keep track of him."

"I don't see what I've got for him," was the reply.

"Well, keep him anyhow, for I feel there's something in him, and I think I am something of a judge of human nature."

"What can I give him to do?"

"Put him at that desk in the corner and let him write letters until you have something else to give him."

"If you are so certain about his merits I'll do it, by George."

This is the worst swearing the worthy divine ever heard from the war Governor. About two weeks later they met again.

"Jaquess, I thought you were something of a judge of human nature," said the Governor.

"I think I am; what's the matter now?"

"Why, that man Grant, who you thought was the one I should keep available, has been at that desk two weeks and hasn't yet written a letter. I've sent out."

"I didn't suppose he would be very valuable as a clerk; I considered him better as a military drill master. Commission him as colonel and set him to work with the soldiers. Now, there's the Twenty-first on the borders of mutiny. Put him in charge of them and see what's in him."

"By George, I'll do it."

Gov. Yates took the advice and the world knows the rest. This was the beginning of Grant. It made an impression on Rev. Mr. Jaquess and he concluded to take the field also. He went to the front with the Sixth Cavalry, but he came back at the request of the Governor to work as a recruiting officer. His eloquence was magical. He talked over the State, and in a short time had 30,000 men at Camp Butler. There was enlistment after enlistment made on the promise from the parson that he would command the regiment and go into the fight with it. This led to the formation of the Seventy-third Illinois, he being at its head. He started his men on the march almost before his commission was dry. Col. Jaquess and his men were in many battles, including Chickamauga. They stood in the slaughter pen, ordered there by Gen. McCook. Once his horse fell. He leaped to another. This one was shot under him. The ball would have taken off both his hands, but at this particular moment his hands were not in their accustomed places. His body seemed under some strange charm. He took his regiment to Missionary Ridge. The regiment was in the lead at the onslaught. The intrepid colonel was in front encouraging the men. The first position of the enemy was taken, and on they pushed with the rest of the army, while Grant was asking who had ordered the charge and declaring his army was lost. They were met by a shower of balls. They charged with their bayonets, and so impetuous was the onslaught that nothing could stop them. The first line of fortifications fell, and then the second, and the guns on top of the ridge. The Seventy-third planted their colors on the spot, and on the way they captured almost as many men as they were themselves in the regiment.

President Lincoln wanted to promote the fighting parson. The parson said it would not be fair for him to leave the men who had entered with him. He knew a man who would make a good major general, and he wrote to President Lincoln to that effect. This man was James A. Garfield. The President made him a general, largely upon the recommendation of the preacher from Posey County, Indiana. The Colonel went back to Camp Butler, but he returned with only 200 of the able men who went with him, and 200 disabled for the rest of their lives.

The Colonel took up his Bible where he had left it and went after men—not shooting at their heads or hearts, as he had told his men to do literally during the war, but figuratively. He has kept it up ever since.

Never Home Then.

The Minister—So you buried your husband on a Tuesday and on the next day you never even missed him?

The Widow—No. I couldn't miss him then. Wednesday always was his pay day.—New York Evening Journal.

Value and Price.

"I suppose, of course, that's a \$100 wheel."

"That's what it is."

"How much did you pay for it?"—Chicago Post.

The cold truth is that no amount of polish will make a man an agreeable conversationalist unless he sandwiches in some gossip.



FLASHES OF FUN.

"Did you ever see so ugly a face as Miss Passy's?" "I don't know. She's not so bad as she's painted."—Pick-Me-Up.

"Mamma, if I am good will I go to heaven?" Mamma: "Yes, dear." "How'll I get back?"—Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.

"Walter, it is almost half an hour since I ordered that turtle soup." Walter: "Sorry, sir, but you know how slow turtles are."—Tid-Bits.

Greeble: "Is that your baby?" Crawford: "No, sir; the possession is on the other side. He is not my baby; I'm his father."—Boston Transcript.

"Why did you manufacture this bad money?" the magistrate said sternly. "Cos I couldn't turn out no better," replied the counterfeiter.—Tid-Bits.

"She was born with a silver spoon in her mouth, and I suppose she's got to be pretty." "Isn't there a limit? What if it was a tablespoon?"—Detroit Journal.

Bacon: "What do you suppose is the meaning of this long rain?" Egbert: "Oh, I think possibly it is out of compliment to Queen Victoria."—Yonkers Statesman.

"My darling, I always feel like taking off my shoes when I enter your sacred presence." "Well, I would rather you did it now than after we are married."—Life.

Puddy: "I never ride a tandem wheel unless I can have the rear saddle." Duddy: "That's funny." "Not at all. I don't care to have anybody talking behind my back."—Boston Transcript.

"Doctor," asked the seeker after knowledge of the clergyman, "why do people get on their knees to pray instead of standing?" "They want to save their souls," replied the clever minister.—Harlem Life.

"Oh, mamma, the beautiful girl exclaimed, "he adores me so, and he is so noble and handsome and—" "Yes, my child," "And he brings such lovely references from his last wife."—Detroit Journal.

The butler: "Hand bevery night at the hour of midnight the ghost happens and groans and wrings his hands." American tourist: "Ahi! Must have died in the cucumber season."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"They may say what they like against him," said the convicted one's defender, "but his heart is in the right place." "Yes," assented the other, "and so is the rest of him, for a few years."—Indianapolis News.

Mrs. Tenspot: "Isn't it odd that the encores are always much more enjoyable than the regular numbers of the programme?" Mr. Tenspot: "Yes, it is. I wonder why they don't sing the encores first."—Judge.

"There," said the man of schemes, "is a limit to the toleration of the public." "And you found it?" "Yup. I met a total frost when I started out with a lecture on 'How I Intend to Find the North Pole.'"—Indianapolis Journal.

Reporter: "How many years have you been in public life?" Statesman: "Twenty-four." Reporter: "But your biographer says twenty-eight." Statesman: "He includes four years when I was vice president."—New York Journal.

"Oh, say, Prondly, I was very sorry to hear that you had lost all your money." "Lost all my money," snorted Prondly, and he produced a roll that filled his fist. "Let me take twenty till to-morrow, old man."—Detroit Free Press.

"When I grow up, mom, I want you to make a minister out of me." "Why, Johnny, I am glad that such is your desire. I will speak to your father about it." "Yes; I want to go to Europe every summer."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"What did that man do to make himself so famous?" asked the altruist, gazing curiously on an individual who formed the center of a social group. "To the best of my knowledge," replied the cynic, "he did the public."—Washington Times.

The dentist: "Would you like your teeth made with patent adhesive springs?" They held each set perfectly true." The humorist: "I don't know. It doesn't seem quite right to mix up the true with the false in that manner."—Washington Star.

He: "I wonder why that young man and young woman occupy two seats? I should think they could easily crowd into one and give some of the other passengers a chance to sit down." She: "Oh, I suppose they've been married for a year or two."—Cleveland Leader.

Wife (wearily): "Ah, here, the days of civility are past!" Husband: "What's the matter now?" Wife: "Sir Walter Raleigh laid his cloak on the ground for Queen Elizabeth to walk over, but you get angry simply because poor dear mother sat down on your hat."—Tid-Bits.

Ant Pic.

Savages, we know, indulge in such luxuries as grubs and locusts, but for a civilized white man to finish up his dinner with a dish of raw ants seems too nasty to be credible. Yet in Mexico it is the custom—and a custom adopted by plenty of colonists and visitors.

The ant eaten is called the honey ant, and is perhaps as curious an insect as lives. With a tiny head and legs, it has a huge body as big as a large pen, and this is yellow and swollen with excellent honey.

In each nest there are 300 or 400 of these honey ants, which are attended by thousands of others. The honey ants hang on to the roof of the cells in the nest while the others feed them. They are, in fact, living storehouses of winter food. An observer says that if one of the honey ants falls from his perch a worker will go and pick him up and replace him. This is as if a man were to walk up the face of a cliff carrying a large buffalo or cart horse on his back.

No man ever amounted to anything who could answer all the fool questions asked at a school or civil service examination.

When a woman finally gets a good hired girl, she is always sure to say of her that she is "awfully slow."

A Song of Harvest.
Sing a song of harvest—sing it, ring it sweet;
Set it to the music of the ripple of the wheat!
Sweetheart, sweetheart,
Reaping as we go,
A kiss amid the music
And the wheat would never know!
Sing a song of harvest—sing it, ring it true!
Symphonies of sunlight and mysteries of dew;
Sweetheart, sweetheart,
Summer sighs to go,
A kiss amid the music
And the wheat would never know!
Sing a song of harvest—of many a golden tinkle
Set it to the music and the twinkle of the scythe;
Sweetheart, sweetheart,
Love's a reaper, too;
Love is in the music
And the thrilling heart of you.
Sing a song of harvest like the ripple of a stream;
Till the shadows like the meadows and the stars above us dream;
Sweetheart, sweetheart,
Summer sighs to go,
A kiss amid the music
And the wheat would never know.
—F. L. STANTON, in Atlanta Constitution.

BARD VS. BOXER.

Ferdinand de Cruza was, in his own opinion, the greatest man of the day in right of being the most illustrious living poet. Neither part of this modest definition was entirely endorsed by the world at large, though to some degree it ran current in a certain literary circle.
Ferdinand de Cruza was a decadent poet. Like Agass, he walked delicately, but the same manner was not observable in his compositions. Realism was what he delighted in. His enemies described his soulful yearnings as "decompositions." In appearance he was large and heavy in build. He wore his hair hanging over his collar in the true poetic style. At so, his eyes were big and black, like plums, and under the influence of what he wished to be taken for extreme emotion he would roll them with startling effect.
Ferdinand was once described as a young man with a talent for conversation. Oh, how he would talk! And the subjects which were ever most in his mouth were himself, his works, his eminence. He had a curious knack of spreading himself out like a peacock's tail as he spoke, until he seemed to dominate the entire room. He had a theory that the world will only take one at half one's own valuation, and that, therefore, it is as well to pitch the estimate high. Certainly he never erred on this point, and there were those who said that the process of self-puffery produced some curious internal expansion as well. Poets of this calibre have usually a considerable feminine following. Nor was Ferdinand an exception to this rule. Lank damsel languished metaphorically at his feet and longed eagerly for his utterances with soulful squirmings. Large ladies of exalted rank but less exalted taste listened with much laughter to his "brilliant dialogue." "Mr. de Cruza is so amusing," they said, by which they meant that he told of offensive anecdotes well.
The homage of the fair sex was sweet to Ferdinand. Specially delicious, moreover, was the adoration of a woman like Lady Laelia Diselbar, the daughter of the Earl of Harrogate, and the widow of old George Holofence Diselbar, who made a huge fortune, don't you know, out of coal tar, and was for some years Chancellor of the Exchequer. Lady Laelia was old George's second wife whom he had married some time after the coal tar episode, and within a few years of his death. There were no fewer than forty years between the pair; and it was said at the time that Lady Laelia had been led like a lamb to the altar solely by the indomitable will of her careful parent. As it turned out, old George died four years after the wedding, and Lady Laelia was left a widow of twenty-four with a very handsome jointure to begin life over again with the view of getting some enjoyment out of it.
As the wife of the Chancellor of the Exchequer she had been bored to death by serious people at an age when she was utterly incapable of appreciating them. When she was free, she flew to the opposite extreme. Ferdinand de Cruza may be regarded as one of the symbols of this revolt. He gave her new and pleasurable sensations which she only half understood, which were delightful to her. He had sufficient acuteness not to descend too low in her presence. She openly declared that she was devoted to "dear Mr. de Cruza."
Now Ferdinand, in spite of his poetic temperament and habit of railing at the sordid practice of money-grubbing, was a capital man of business. It occurred to him that Lady Laelia, with her large jointure, would be an excellent investment. At the same time, her beauty was not only grateful to his senses, but would constitute her a trophy of no inconsiderable value to himself. Also it would be far preferable to be master in a house which he could style his own than to continue the social free lance with the duty of earning his dinner.
These circumstances may account for the fact that little Lord Hounslow, who was calling on Lady Laelia, was by no means pleased when the door opened and Mr. de Cruza was announced.
Little Lord Hounslow was honestly in love with Lady Laelia. He would have married her if she had not had a penny in the world. He had stated his sentiments to her with as much fervor of expression as he could command. She had replied coldly that she did not intend to marry again, and that if she did, she should not marry a little man. She added, gratuitously, that she thought that a woman ought not to marry a man whom she could not look up to and respect. At this she drew herself up to her full height and towered a head and shoulders above him. And she declared that she had been very much as a

friend, and offered to be a sister to him. At which he had uttered a bad word, but had immediately apologized with the utmost abasement. Eventually, like another person, he went away in a rage. When he had cooled down a little he decided that he would never give her up.
Therefore, when he heard of the De Cruza intimacy he felt an unholy wish to maul and mangle that eminent man. He could not really believe that Lady Laelia could actually have any tender feelings toward "a fellow whose hair hung half way down his back, and whose appearance and talk were enough to make one ill for a month," but he did not like the idea that "such an animal's" name should be coupled with that of his adored one. Still less did he like the anxiety which racked his breast whenever he thought of this friendship and its possibilities.
"This is a most fortunate coincidence," said Lady Laelia after she had responded to De Cruza's huge and effusive greeting. "I can now introduce two of my great friends to each other."
The interview did not proceed felicitously. De Cruza blundered on to a subject on which Hounslow, as a military man, entertained strong opinions. To do him justice, the poet did not know Hounslow's profession, but the knowledge would not have caused him to change his topic—especially as Lady Laelia agreed with him.
"Moral suasion and the dignity of being in the right are all rot," said Hounslow, hotly. "A man must be able to defend himself just as a dog ought to be able to defend himself. What should you do supposing some rough came and demanded your purse?"
"I should call a policeman," replied De Cruza, with dignity.
"I have no doubt of it," replied Hounslow, contemptuously. "It would perhaps be too inquisitive to inquire what you would do if the policeman did not turn up."
"And what would you do?" inquired Lady Laelia, haughtily; "supposing the man were bigger than you?"
Lord Hounslow flushed hotly, for he suspected a covert hand.
"Well, seeing that I am the champion light-weight of the brigade, I expect that if the other man was set free there would be a decent little set-to for a few minutes."
"How horrible!" ejaculated Lady Laelia.
"Barbarous!" echoed De Cruza.
Hounslow stood up straight, every inch of his trim little figure bristling with indignation. For the first time in his life he said good-bye to Lady Laelia with a feeling of strain. He regarded De Cruza's observations as more than the snarling of a drawing room lap dog which relies on the protection of his mistress's skirts; but that she should take part with it against him!
Lady Laelia was decidedly imprudent with regard to Mr. de Cruza. It was distinctly foolish, for instance, to be seen so often bicycling with him. The world would probably have said something strong if it knew that she made that arrangement to ride down to Richmond Park on bicycles with him. If there was one thing more silly than making the engagement, it was keeping it. Lady Laelia did both.
It was a delightful day, warm and bright, yet not too hot. The roads were smooth and hard, and though the water-carts had been active, the effects of their passage had worn off sufficiently to prevent danger from side-slip.
De Cruza was gorgeously arrayed. He wore a bright blue coat, orange waistcoat, trousers to match the coat, a white broad-brimmed (Jaqueson) hat, patent leather shoes and tie of a new and wonderful shade of red. Instead of the usual transfer on the lower main tube of the machine his own signature sprawled in gold.
Richmond Park was at its best. It was deserted save by the deer. The heavy woodlands shut out the horizon, the houses, the busy life which teemed all around at such a short distance. It was possible to imagine oneself in the heart of a delicious desert of oak and fern and chestnut, traversed by excellent roads, tempered only occasionally by low hills.
Lady Laelia most unwisely called a halt by a clump of towering trees. The pair dismounted, and, abandoning their bicycles, sat down on the comfortable bank to rest.
The spirit of the scene, of his art, of the divine passion, entered the breast of the poet. Hand in hand came the thought of that excellent wilderness speculation. Here in the wildest of the wildest (that was near town), amidst the open sky (just ten minutes' run from a first-class hotel), he would declare himself to Lady Laelia. The proposal should be a veritable poem in prose. "It should thrill her to the very soul, and reveal to her, as in a lightning flash, what manner of man he was."
"Dear Lady," he began, with impassioned tenderness.
Lady Laelia turned toward him, and by that movement fate willed that her eyes should catch a sidelong glimpse of the two bicycles which leaned in close company against a tree.
"Oh, Mr. de Cruza," she cried in great excitement, "what is that man doing to my bike?"
Much disgusted at this prosaic interruption, the poet turned his head impatiently in the direction indicated. A distinctly ruffian and unkempt individual was undoubtedly standing in suspicious proximity to the machines. Lady Laelia sprang to her feet, and with the impetuosity of a mother who sees her child in danger. Mr. de Cruza rose with far more deliberation, and a feeling of uneasiness became manifest in his breast. Good heavens! was there going to be an altercation with a common, low, unkempt person who would probably use the most unrefined language? How odious! How unpoeitic! How execrable! How discordant to the artistic sense! Besides, the common person appeared to carry an ugly, thick stick, which he held precisely as Irishmen do, which what were they called?—oh, shilleghs, or pug-sticks.
Lady Laelia rushed into the fray with the fervor of art or poetry, or even of the stick.
"How dare you touch my bicycle?" she cried. "What are you doing to it?"
"No 'arm, lady," replied the tramp

volubly. "Not a 'apoth of 'arm, s'elp me. Only 'admirin' of 'em, that's all."
"Then you will be good enough to proceed on your way," retorted Lady Laelia. "Mr. de Cruza tell this man to go away."
There was a pause. Then De Cruza observed in a high voice that had a curious lack of the commanding note: "Yes, do as the lady tells you. You are not wanted here."
There was another pause. The tramp looked from the woman to the man. He moved a step forward, and so stood between them and their machines. Lady Laelia commanded him indignantly to go away. De Cruza drew back a step in silence.
"I'm thinkin'," said the tramp, and his tone had less of the fawning whine, "that a pious and charitable lady like you 'ud be willin' to 'elp a poor 'onest, 'hard-workin' cove with a trifle."
"I have nothing to give you," cried Lady Laelia; "and honest men don't meddle with bicycles behind their owners' backs."
"I'm 'slegued to yer, lady," said the tramp, with an evil grin. "I will, since yer are so 'pressin' lyke the purse yer 'offer, and likewise them pretty sparklers yer 'ave on yer wrists."
"How dare you!" cried Lady Laelia.
"Mr. de Cruza," cried this ruffian away!
Was there ever such a horrible, unpoetic, barbarous request addressed before to an eminent bard?
"Yes, do go away. We have nothing to give you," quavered De Cruza. "If you don't go away I shall inform the police about you."
"Stow gammon," cried the unkempt intruder rudely. "or I'll smash your tallow-colored mug for yer. And now, and over the dibs."
With a quick forward movement he caught Lady Laelia by the arm.
"Help, Mr. de Cruza, help!" she cried, struggling bravely with the assailant; and then, as De Cruza gave no sign, she added: "Help, you coward! Do you mean to see me murdered?"
With his heart sinking into his boots, De Cruza made a doubtful forward movement with his hands extended in a fashion eminently unscientific. But when the ruffian, flinging Lady Laelia to the ground by a brutal effort of strength, turned upon her male companion with a stick uplifted and the glare of a savage, the poet's heart seemed to fly out of his body far away, and that illustrious man fairly turned tail and fled in the same direction.
If he had preferred to refrain from this exhibition he would have heard Lady Laelia's cry of "Thank Heavens!" as a newly arrived bicyclist descended suddenly on the scene and dashed in to the rescue.
It was little Hounslow.
The tramp came up to the scratch nothing loth, for his club and the small size of the new arrival made him over-confident. Hounslow, however, was as active as a cat, and in excellent condition. He dodged a blow that would have felled an ox, darted in, countered heavily with his right, and put in one straight from the shoulder with his left. Over the other went, completely knocked out of time. Whereupon Hounslow naturally took possession of the club and pitched it far.
When Lord Hounslow repeated his proposal to Lady Laelia, which he did as soon as possible without the smallest delicacy, she owned that she had somewhat altered her views, not only on the subject of moral suasion and the dignity of being in the right, but also with regard to the question of height as a gauge of respect. She said that she realized that what a woman wanted was a man who was thoroughly able to protect her, and that she did not know any one who was more completely competent for the purpose than the present aspirant. Therefore—
Mr. de Cruza was not at the wedding. Nor did he call on Lady Laelia either before or after. He had many engagements, you see.—London World.

A HUGE FAMILY.
IT CONTAINS MORE THAN 12,000 PERSONS.
Letcher County, Kentucky, Populated by the Descendants of Old Benjamin Webb—Thirty Birthdays Every Day of the Year—Around—Curious Complications.
There is an entire county in the eastern part of Kentucky which is populated by the descendants and relatives of a single family. The original Webb family consists of more than eight hundred direct descendants, while the number of those who are more or less closely related to them by marriage is considerably more than twelve thousand. The family has up to the present time practically filled Letcher County, and has commenced to overflow the boundary lines into the adjoining counties.
This remarkable population, says a correspondent of the New York World, traces its ancestry directly to a Benjamin Webb, who settled in this section nearly a century ago. At the present time there are still living six of his children.
The most numerous branch of the family is descended from Jason Webb, who is now in his seventy-eighth year. Other children have families nearly as large, however. Jason lives in the house, now sixty years old, in which he began housekeeping and raised a family of nineteen children. Of this remarkable family sixteen are still living. The next generation, which consists of 150 grandchildren, are all living. There are besides 80 great-grandchildren and 60 great-great-grandchildren, all of whom are at present living within ten miles of Jason.
It will occur to most people that a family of such remarkable proportions must give rise to many complications. The descendants of old Benjamin Webb have for one thing been obliged to select about eight hundred names for their children, and the entire family has been obliged to go through the ordeal of agreeing upon more than twelve thousand names. Compared with this task the work of naming the streets of an entire city like New York would be trifling.
If each member of the family should attempt to give presents at Christmas to all the other members the expense would be something startling.
In the immediate family there is an average of nearly three birthdays celebrated every day. The entire family, it may readily be calculated, might celebrate thirty birthdays every day of the year.
One of the most remarkable of the original family is Uncle Miles, who though seventy-five years old, is about to marry a sister-in-law. This remarkable old man has fourteen children, all of whom are married and have large families. He is unable to tell the exact number of descendants who should be credited to him, but thinks that a conservative estimate would place the number of grandchildren at 100, great-grandchildren seventy-five, and great-great-grandchildren at about forty.
The oldest living member of the family is Aunt Polly, who is eighty-two years old. Her branch of the family tree comprises eight living children, seventy grandchildren, forty-five great-grandchildren, and twenty-two great-great-grandchildren. Her little sister, who is known as the worker of the family, is but seventy-three years old. Her branch, which includes five generations, is made up of some ninety-eight members.
The entire population of Letcher County, it is claimed, can trace their ancestry very clearly back to but four families, who were the first to settle in this section. These families were the Crafts, Adames and Halbrookes, and, of course, the Webbs. The descendants have married and intermarried in a most perplexing manner. Only a very few of them have ever seen a railroad train.
The little county, as might be imagined, is in reality a small kingdom, over which the elder Webbs are political monarchs. Whenever a Webb wishes to hold any office in the county the result is a foregone conclusion. Such a condition of affairs does not, it is very safe to say, exist in any other State in the Union.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.
A NON-BLISTERING MUSTARD PLASTER.—In making a mustard plaster take a piece of lard and stir the dry mustard into the lard until it is a thick paste and will just spread. Spread on a piece of lawn and apply to the affected part. This will not blister.
BOOT BLACKING.—The best blacking for boots is orange juice. Take a slice or quarter of an orange and rub it on the shoe or boot; then, when dry, brush with a soft bristle till the shoe shines like a looking glass.
FOR ACID DISCOLORATIONS.—If the juice of a lemon or any acid fruit has taken the color from gown or apron, it may be restored by touching the spot with household ammonia. If soda or the like has caused the same trouble, touch with vinegar.
TO FREE THE HOUSE OF ANTS.—To free a house from ants, sprinkle fine white sugar on a large sponge. When full of ants drop into boiling water. To drive away ants, scrub the shelves or drawers that they frequent with strong carbolic soap, after which sprinkle red pepper in every crevice.
GETTING RID OF ROACHES.—Sprinkle powdered borax plentifully down into their hiding places whenever they may be, and in a week, or before very long, they will disappear. Oil of cedar will kill roaches. Put the oil into an atomizer and spray all the cracks and crevices in the wall and places where they inhabit. This is a sure way to kill them.
TARTARE IN THE HOUSEHOLD.—Turpentine is the best friend housekeepers have and a supply should be always kept on hand. It is good for burns, excellent for corns, good for rheumatism and sore throat, and a quick remedy for fits and convulsions. It is a sure preventive against moths, a few drops rendering garments safe from such invasion during the summer. It drives away ants and bugs from cupboards and corners by putting a few drops on the shelves. It effectively destroys bugs, and injures

neither furniture nor clothing. For cleaning paint add a spoonful to a pail of warm water. A little in the suds on washday makes washing easier.
A KITCHEN CONVENIENCE.—A small, flat paintbrush, about one inch in width, is a kitchen convenience that no housewife should be without. For the greasing of all pans it is both easier and more effective than the usual bit of paper. Also, if all meats were brushed over with sweet oil and vinegar before sending to the refrigerator they would retain their juices and flavor far more perfectly than is commonly the case.
IN BED THIRTY-NINE YEARS.
A Healthy Woman's Strange Resolution, Made in 1858.
"This bed is the most comfortable place in the world," remarked an Englishwoman in 1858. "I shall stay here the rest of my natural life."
The woman who made this remarkable statement was a spinster and she lived at Teignmouth, in Devonshire, England. She kept her word, and for nearly forty years she stayed in bed. She was thirty-eight years old when she made the assertion.
She had retired to bed the night before in the best of health and there was no seeming reason why she should not have arisen the next morning. But she concluded that she would remain where she was, and her relatives concluded that it would be best to humor her whim. So she stayed in bed and her meals were taken to her. The bed she occupied was in a room upstairs, and for two years she stayed there. Then she was removed to a room on a lower floor, where she could watch the front door and the yard. She had a series of mirrors arranged so that she could see the entrance to the house and the entire yard, and she was thus able to know what was going on. Her hearing became abnormally acute, and she could hear noises that were inaudible to other residents of the house.
Her mother and father died and she still remained in bed. She became owner of the small estate, and she managed it with skill and judgment, but she adhered to her determination of remaining in bed. She died last week at the age of seventy-seven. The doctors who held the autopsy said that her lungs and heart were sound, and that had she lived the usual life she would have been good for ten or fifteen years longer. She ate usual meals all of the forty years, took no medicine, and there was no apparent change in her constitution until a few months before her death.—New York World.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.
Two Denver boys have lately floated the Stars and Stripes by kites a mile above the summit of Pike's Peak, and claim that it is the highest point ever attained by Old Glory.
Of the thousands of prisoners released from jails in India on Jubilee Day, some have voluntarily returned to jail, while others are committing burglary and other offenses.
In order to reach the deep-water sailormen on the great lakes, the Navy Department has decided to establish recruiting stations in several of the lake cities. The Bureau of Navigation has just issued an order notifying recruiting officers that native-born Americans be regarded with especial favor.
The English sparrow has spread far and wide and increased rapidly. The farmers of the Province of Ontario are complaining that he is an unmitigated nuisance to them, and they insist that he should be exterminated as soon as possible. He drives away the insectivorous and singing birds and does nothing to compensate for their loss.
A patent has been allowed by the British Patent Office for making gold. A similar application has been made to the United States Patent Office, and the Treasury Department has undertaken to test the process. Sensational versions of this fact have appeared in some of the daily papers, but the patent has so far been withheld, and it is not probable that it will be granted.
No one disputed the dictum of a Chinese physician who had been called to attend a Celestial who had fainted in a store at Portland, Oregon, when the doctor said, after filling the prostrate man's mouth and nose with red paint: "His blood out paint; him all same not yet dead; him no catch him wind, no blow out paint, him heap dead." The man didn't blow out the paint and the coroner was called.
"In one respect," says an English paper, "the Siamese Army is superior to every other, and that is in its elephant corps. Eight hundred of these animals, which are stronger, though smaller, than those of India, are organized into a special corps, commanded by a retired Anglo-Indian officer, and their heads, trunks and other vulnerable parts are protected against bullets by India rubber armor."
"The Railway and Engineering Review" raises the question "whether the present tendency toward heavier track, more powerful locomotives and larger cars has not reached its practical limit, if, indeed, it has not already exceeded it. The fact that a railroad is primarily designed and operated for the purpose of making money is too often lost sight of, and some officials in charge of the various departments are apparently impressed with the idea that its chief use is for the exploitation of their various hobbies."
Invitations to a "bloomer lawn party" from a church society of women of St. Louis recently stirred up great excitement and criticism, but the demand for tickets was tremendous. One of the conditions of the invitations was that all the women should wear bloomers, and those who were not properly equipped in that respect were to be provided with the articles on their arrival. When the crowd arrived on the night of the party it was discovered that all the women were adorned with immense sunflowers, which were the bloomers that had invited so much criticism.
As knowledge of the Klondike region increases, says the New York Times, it will probably be discovered that to live from the resources of the country is not impossible or even especially difficult. From time immemorial men have managed to subsist in places fully as cold and much more sterile. Most of the Yukon Valley is heavily wooded, and wherever trees grow there are animals and the possibility of raising at least a few rapidly maturing crops. This, of course, will be of no immediate advantage to the multitudes now hurrying northward through the passes to camp on an open plain just as winter begins, but it will have much to do with the future development of the new gold fields.
A Liverpool medical man was called in to attend a patient seized with cholera cramps as the result of excessive drinking, and found together about a dozen persons, mostly young women, in a room with full glasses before them, a three-gallon jar of strong ale on the table, and several bottles of whiskey, which from time to time were replenished. This remarkable session was kept up for five days. It was in celebration of a wedding, and all had saved up for weeks in anticipation of the event. The father pawned his watch, and most of his furniture; one young fellow pawned his coat, hat and watch. The whole party, twenty or thirty in number, slept together on the floors, or anywhere, the house being a small three-roomed cottage in one of the streets of Toxteth Park. When the five days' revel was ended they all proceeded to the house of Father Nugent and signed the pledge.
There was a narrow escape from a unique fatality in the Treasury Department at Washington. The vast accumulation of paper money and coin was being counted, an incident in the change of United States Treasurers. As fast as the bags of silver are weighed they are passed along from one man to another and piled from floor to ceiling in one of the steel vaults under the department building. It was suddenly noticed that the great pile of bags was toppling, and at the cry of warning the six men in the vault had barely time to escape before the mass came tumbling down with a crash. The bags were broken in the fall and the bright silver coin was heaped on the floor in a hopeless jumble. The store of public currency was literally shored up, new bags were procured and the money was carefully counted and sealed in the regular way. It took a whole day to get the money back into the bags.
A year or so ago Major Rose, the Texas Commissioner of Agriculture, secured some cottonseed from Peru, which he distributed among planters of Southern Texas. In Peru this cotton does not have to be planted more than once every five or six years, the stalk standing through the winter and coming out green in the spring like

sugar-cane. It was thought probable that the cotton would grow equally as well in Southern Texas, but thorough experiment proves it to be a total failure. Among others who received seed from Major Rose was L. Allen, of San Antonio. Mr. Allen planted the seed on his farm, just south of that city, where the cotton came up, looked well and prospered finely during last year's drought, when ordinary Texas cotton was almost burned up. The winter proved too severe for it, however, and in a letter to Major Rose Mr. Allen says he dug up some of the roots and in each instance found them dead and perfectly devoid of life.
A Missionary, in speaking of Governor Stevens of his State, said to-day: "He is a kindly disposed man, and has many eccentricities. He has amused the people more than once since he took his office. It had been the custom in Missouri for some years for the governor to release two prisoners on each of the three principal holidays—July 4, Thanksgiving Day and December 25. Governor Stevens, without giving any reason at all, increased the number to three, and will exercise clemency on that ratio during his term. He calls the men in and gives them a little talk before bestowing their pardon upon them. He lectures them as to their duty, warns them against falling back into old ruts, points out how they may hope to regain the confidence of people, and, in parting, gives each a cordial handshake. He makes the whole proceeding as fairly as an encouraging thing as possible. He has caused the latest law to be relaxed, and to state at him pretty hard when he remarked that he had no doubt there were many innocent men in prison; and many men who ought to be in prison walking the streets free.
The continual growth of the great cities of the world has of late attracted much attention, particularly on the part of students of sociology and hygiene, and at the recent Hygienic Congress this subject was treated in a lecture by Dr. Stephan Sedlacek, who produced statistics of the increase in population of the greatest cities of the world since 1800. He showed some very interesting facts. The population of Amsterdam, Birmingham, Brussels, Manchester and Rome doubled in that period; Copenhagen and Marseilles have now a population three times as large as at the beginning of this century; London, Lyons, Paris, St. Petersburg and Prague have quadrupled in the number of inhabitants within the last ninety years; Breslau, Dresden, Hamburg, Cologne and Vienna have five times as many people; Leeds, Liverpool and Warsaw six times as many; Glasgow and Sheffield seven times as many; Munich eight times as many; Berlin, Budapest and Leipzig nine times as many; Baltimore, ten times as many; New York and Philadelphia twenty-five times as many; Chicago, 245 times, and Brooklyn, 339 times as many as ninety years ago. Dublin, while slightly larger now than ninety years ago, has lost 17,000 inhabitants within the last forty years, and is the only large city in Europe which shows a retrograde movement in its population.
As much glory as Nansen brought to Norway from the north a certain Lieut. De Gerlach is about to seek for Belgium at the other end of the world. His vessel, the steam bark Belgica, is now at Antwerp preparing for an exploring voyage to the Antarctic, and the residents of the city are intensely interested in both ship and commander. When she arrived to take in stores she was greeted with salutes from the fort at Saint Anne (Tete de Plandre), and all the shipping in port was decorated in honor of the handsome little vessel. Her hull is protected by a formidable armor of the hardest possible wood, bois de fer, as a protection against the pressure of antarctic ice. At her bows she carries a powerful steel spar for cutting her way through ice floes. The interior arrangements are cleverly made with a view to comfort, warmth, and economy of space, for not a single corner is wasted. The cabins and saloons are heated from the engine rooms, and as an extra precaution large quantities of felt are laid in between all the partitions to prevent the heat from escaping. The latest implements and machinery for whaling are on board the Belgica, whose appearance is unique, and whose barrel, perched on the top of her mast for the "lookout," catches the eyes of the curious. The Belgica registers 250 tons, and makes seven knots with her 150-horse power engines, though with sails set she can easily make nine knots. There is on board the usual stock of arctic clothing, snow-shoes, or "skis," and a splendid collection of the most modern scientific instruments, of which Lieut. De Gerlach is extremely proud.

A Steam Horse Invented.
After three years of constant mechanical experiment, Joseph Baraleaux, a blacksmith of Sandy Hill, N. Y., has, according to a correspondent of the Chicago Tribune, invented a steam horse that will pull a load that does not move on legs, but on a single wheel about two feet in diameter. This wheel is attached to the shafts, just as is a live horse. Over the mechanism, constructed on an oblong support covering the top of the wheel, is the frame of a horse. The reins attached to the mouth of the steam horse when pulled will cause the dummy animal to turn in whatever direction the driver may desire.
Mr. Baraleaux has attached his invention to a two-wheeled road cart, with the shafts attached to the sides of the steam horse, and has operated it with complete success. The single front wheel is twenty-seven inches in diameter. It has a tire four inches wide. On this wheel is mounted an American motor, operated by a gasoline engine. There are three endless chains in the make-up of the invention.
At present the engine weighs 550 pounds. Eventually the weight will be reduced to about 350 pounds. The dummy horse that will cover the machinery on the front wheel will resemble the horses displayed in carriage factory warehouses. When it is completed the steam horse will spin along the thoroughfares as a formidable rival to trolley lines. He believes it will be able to pull several times its own weight.